

# Kitty's Story of Guinevere

By Paul Creswick

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"I have quite a pretty little story for you," said Kitty, drawing her chair nearer the fire.

"Not an old master, I trust?"

"Quite the reverse. The man was on 'change in a reasonably prosperous way. He either watched a tape-machine all day, or else rushed about and shouted in the house. And then, at four o'clock, he collected all the vast quantities of money he had made—and walked home to his rooms."

"It sounds easy," I observed.

"He had, amongst many others, an artist friend. One evening the stockbroker called and found the artist busy, as usual."

"Drinking tea out of a saucepan, and smoking a pipe."

"It doesn't precisely matter how the artist was occupied," remarked Kitty, severely. "The point of the affair was a picture—or rather a sketch. This was nailed against the wall, in a very haphazard way, and it represented the head and shoulders of a girl."

"I'm all attention," said I, bringing my chair nearer hers.

"The stockbroker noticed this sketch, and then began to talk with the artist. The latter was full of humorous complaints, and insisted on sharing his meal with the stockbroker. The two of them gossiped, as only men can—"

Her ladyship glanced obliquely at me. "And the time passed pleasantly enough. But ever and again the stockbroker found his regard wandering towards that picture of a girl."

"Was she really a picture? Describe the lady."

"Wait. The artist, at length, observed his friend's interest in the sketch. 'You're looking at my 'Guinevere'?' asked he, presently. 'Weird sort of creature, isn't she?' The stockbroker desired to hear the wherefore of the weirdness. The artist instructed him. The girl had sat for a book issued on the preceding Christmas. Nobody knew exactly where she had come from. The author of the book had sent her along, with his

card. Her name was positively Guinevere—which the artist allowed to be unusual. She had been an excellent sitter, but was always very reserved, and—well, nervous."

"The stockbroker stayed about an hour or so. He gathered, out of a huge quantity of talk and tobacco smoke, that Guinevere had eventually vanished as abruptly as she had appeared. The stockbroker developed an extraordinary enthusiasm for the artist during the next few months. But as often as he called at the studio, so often did he have something to say about the sketch on the wall. At last the artist, a little bit plighted, offered him the thing. 'Take it away with you—since you admire it so much. It isn't my best work, by a long chalk; but if you care to have it, that's your business.'"

"I hope the stockbroker took the hint."

"He did. He bought some pictures at once and permitted the artist to choose them for him and take charge of the framing. But the 'Guinevere' he carried away; and he bought a little frame for it; he was journeying to his rooms. He hung the sketch in a place where he could always see it; and seldom a morning passed but what this very prosaic young man gave his 'Guinevere' due reverence."

"Do you mean to tell me that he had fallen in love with a picture? My dear Kate—"

"The picture fascinated him. The artist, unwittingly, had shown the very soul of poor Guinevere in his hasty sketch. The curious expression of alarm in her eyes was balanced by the swift defiance of her little mouth. There was a suggestion of restrained terror, of appeal, of shame, of intense pride, in that clever brush work. The stockbroker never tired of weaving stories to fit the charming 'Guinevere.'"

"Now it is certainly odd, but the stockbroker's home was in Carnarvon," said Kitty. "When he went there for his next holiday the very first person he encountered in the small village—"

"Was Guinevere? Not in the least unusual. I expected it."

"It is the fact, nevertheless," said Kitty, smilingly.

At sight of the dear old home,

wistaria-covered and invitingly familiar, the stockbroker forgot everything in the homecoming. There was his mother in the garden, already fussing round the small ponytrap, and getting ready to meet her dear boy—"

Kitty paused. "I won't say anything about that meeting, Reggie; it isn't relevant and some things should be sacred from prying eyes. The story goes on at the precise moment when the mother laughingly observed: 'Yes, indeed! We're comfortable enough at the Plas, nowadays. I have such a treasure in my Guinevere. She is so kind, so thoughtful—' I must suppose that the stockbroking young man looked blank, for his mother went on: 'My new companion, you know, I have told you, over and over again, in my letters—' He interrupted. 'Yes, but you didn't tell me her name, mother mine.'"

"So, of course, the mother forthwith suspected—"

"No. He turned the awkward corner when Guinevere presently reappeared, very tactfully. He saw that she was painfully disturbed by the thought that he had recognized her. It was his pleasure to make her believe that she was totally unknown to him. I gather that he was very successful—that the holiday was the holiday of both their lives. It came to an end, as all pleasant things do. One evening, as they were walking over the hills from the coast, they crossed an ancient druid's circle. It amused them to pause, to try to count the stones."

"They couldn't agree upon the exact number," I hinted.

"Precisely. So then Guinevere imagined that it must be a fairy ring. He answered that it certainly seemed full of magic. The breeze had blown even greater loveliness into those dear changing eyes, which laughed gravely now into his. In some way it came about that they stood near together in this enchanted ring—that he had taken her hand. His eyes asked a fierce question; and hers—"

Kitty stopped to shrug her shoulders in purely feminine delight.

"No, it must not be. It's possible," she told him, in reply to an old question. "You will soon forget—"

"She offered to be a sister to him, since she was companion to his mother. What an original Guinevere! I assume that he promptly knocked all that rubbish on the head?"

"She was all the more adamant for the one brief moment of surrender. She cried—hopelessly and utterly; and he, being a very chivalrous gallant gentleman, for all his stockbroking, forbore to urge her further. They stepped out of the fairy ring in an embarrassing silence. Next day saw the young man packing his portmanteau."

"While his mother was packing Guinevere—about her melancholy business!"

"Guinevere wanted to go. She pleaded with him; but he made her promise. She tried, at last, to tell him—twice tried, and twice failed. He had memory of a new expression in her eyes when he left Upwy."

"And that is the mysterious end?"

"He came back to his work—and there was Guinevere. With that queer, almost childish terror, staring at him as moved about the room. He turned the picture face to the wall; and still felt her piteous appeal—the look she had given him when they had parted. He turned the picture round again, and tried to forget."

"He should have gone out every night; called on all his friends—taken heaps of exercise, and a course of boxing lessons."

"One of his friends came to see him. It was the artist. After greetings, the artist crossed over to the picture. 'I believe you were right, old boy,' he remarked contentedly. 'Really, it's a jolly good bit of work, though, I say it who shouldn't. It's herself and her tragedy. Poor little Guinevere! He puffed at his pipe. 'You heard about it, didn't you?'"

"The stockbroker grimly shook his head. The artist went on. 'I had the facts just lately from the author chap who sent her to me. She's the daughter of a secretary to a charity—no end of a swell. Embezzled the funds. They took him one night at his own house. There was a scene—Guinevere crying and pleading and refusing to understand! The artist smoked solemnly awhile. 'There was nothing left—absolutely nothing. The man was—is—a thorough rascal. She had to give evidence at his trial—think of it! No mother; no one to stretch a finger to help. Yes, there's no doubt that unconsciously, it's all very neatly expressed in that sketch. I oughtn't to have given it up.'"

"Well?" asked I, as Kitty paused.

"What did the stockbroker do?"

"Do?" she echoed, scornful of the question. "Do?" He caught the next train back to Upwy. And, in case there shouldn't be a fairy ring handy, he took another ring, in his waistcoat pocket."

"Confident person?"

"I have always been at pains to make you understand, Reggie, that women are the most reasonable of living beings. If you can convince them, by plain argument, that they are in the wrong—they will invariably admit the fact. This Guinevere was no exception to the rule. Her only doubt was a forgivable one. She told him, again and again, that she was not worthy."

"And he?"

"Had an answer that satisfied her," concluded Kitty. "Are you and I justified in going any further, in the matter? 'In that garden fair came Launcelot walking; this is true—'"

She sighed and smiled at once, as she ended thus.

## ATTRACTIONS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Magnificent Crop Returns for the Year 1906.

The manner in which the Canadian West has attracted settlers in recent years has caused many of our journals and public men to "sit up and take notice," to use a current phrase. From every European country and from almost every State in the Union large numbers of settlers have flocked to the prairie provinces of Canada, where free homesteads and wide opportunities are open to all who desire to avail themselves of them.

The greatest factor in attracting settlers lies in the inherent richness of soil and suitability of climate for producing what is universally considered to be the finest wheat in the world—the "No. 1 Hard" of Canadian growth—and other cereals that rank in the very first class. This year the harvest returns were: Wheat, 90,000,000 bushels; oats, 76,000,000 bushels; barley, 17,000,000 bushels; and when it is considered that the entire population of the three provinces—as evidenced by the quinquennial census just completed—is only 810,000, it is easily seen that the lure of the Canadian West is in its agricultural potentialities.

Another feature which attracts the settler is that railway construction is proceeding with such rapidity that almost every district is within easy reach of outside markets, and that good prices for all lines of farm products rule practically from the commencement of agricultural operations. This is a factor which did not prevail when the earlier settlements in the West were made in Canada and in the United States, and has given a great impetus to Canadian Western settlement in recent years.

The free grant system of homesteads which prevails in the prairie provinces, by which every settler who is able and willing to comply with the conditions of actual settlement (by no means onerous) is given 160 acres free, except \$10 for entry, is a great drawing card, and in the last fiscal year gathered in over 189,000 additional to the western population, of which 57,796 were from the United States.

The further fact, as is strongly brought about by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, that a splendid common school system, practically free, prevails throughout the entire country, and is easy of access in the most remote districts, is another great inducement to the settler who has the future welfare of his family in mind, and this, coupled with the fact that western Canadian law and order are proverbial, completes a circle of good and sufficient reasons why the tide of immigration has set in so steadily toward the country to the north of our boundary line.

## TRAFFIC IN HUMAN FLESH.

German Hospital Officials Accused of Serious Offenses.

A sensational case has been occupying the Hamburg law courts. Recently the head of a workmen's association, Herr Schonberg, publicly accused the Hamburg hospital of carrying on a large traffic in corpses. He declared that closed coffins were delivered to relatives of the deceased containing only ashes and rubbish or a wooden image. In several cases the body had been placed in the coffin in the presence of the relatives, and extracted after their departure. The leg of a man who had suffered from a peculiar disease was cut off and replaced by that of a dead woman. In this state the body was exhibited to the relatives. A former employee of the hospital, whose trial for selling bodies was the occasion of these disclosures, declared that he had seen the arms of a dead man amputated and replaced by a girl's arms in order that the man's relatives should suspect nothing. It was also proved that wardens had cut off and sold heads and other parts of corpses for their own profit and without the knowledge of the doctors. In two cases at least coffins were buried containing only parts of the body.

## Puglist's Sudden Conversion.

"Kid" Wedge, a light-weight puglist who claimed to be champion of Arkansas, was training for a fight with Guy Buckles in Omaha. Suddenly he "got religion" and sent word to the management of the club where he was to appear explaining why they would have to make other arrangements. At the same time he mailed a copy of the New Testament to Mr. Buckles, who, as he fully expected to win the fight which had been arranged, is not yet entirely resigned.

## Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials, free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Where Lawyers Are Unpopular.

A lawyer made his appearance at Colobar, West Africa, the other day and a Gold Coast newspaper, noting the fact, said: "It is very unsafe for the people for lawyers to practice at this place. Their appearance in this river will soon inveigle everyone who is not careful into litigation, and they will feed on their folly, thereby ruining them."

Says a woman: "I care not who does the thinking so long as I am permitted to do the talking."

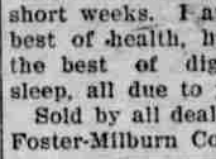
## TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Spent Over \$100 in a Vain Search for Health.

Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"Gentlemen: I heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills, as I have found by personal experience that they are an ideal kidney remedy. I suffered with complications of kidney complaint for nearly five years, spent over \$100 on useless remedies, while five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in a few short weeks. I am now enjoying the best of health, have a fine appetite, the best of digestion, and restful sleep, all due to your splendid pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



## BROKE THE WILDCAT'S BACK.

Philadelphia Man Victorious in Hand-to-Hand Combat.

Unarmed and alone, Thomas Dyke was attacked by a wildcat on Locust mountain, south of Mount Carmel, Pa. He had been in Ashland and started to drive home. His horse stepped on a nail and he put the animal in a stable.

Then he started to walk home and was on the mountain when the cries of a wildcat alarmed him. A few minutes later he saw the beast ten feet in front of him. The animal finally sprang. He jumped aside and as the body of the cat struck the road he leaped upon it. For several minutes the fight between the wild animal and the man went on. At length by a quick swing he broke the animal's back.

A physician dressed the several deep scratches on his face and hands, but otherwise he was uninjured.

## TORTURED WITH ECZEMA.

Tremendous Itching Over Whole Body—Scratched Until Bled—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"Last year I suffered with a tremendous itching on my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered torments, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. They told me that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would use the Cuticura Remedies. I used them according to instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Okla., June 28, 1905."

## Squirrels as Waiters.

It has taken Fisk Goodyear of Burchtown, Pa., two years to train his pet squirrels, but his efforts are now repaid, and on Thanksgiving he treated his friends to a surprise.

Gathering half a hundred or more gray squirrels, Mr. Goodyear taught them to go into the woods and pick up nuts, carrying them to his home. On Thanksgiving night at a dinner his guests noticed a small board running from a window to a nut bowl. The host gave one knock on the table with his knife. A squirrel hopped down the plank and dropped a chestnut into the bowl. Two raps brought a squirrel with a walnut, three knocks a shellbark.

Finally, a grave old squirrel took his place and cracked the nuts, winding up the performance by brushing off the crumbs with his thick bushy tail.

## The Highest Bridge.

Work is now in progress on a suspension bridge over the famous "Royal gorge" of the Arkansas river, in Colorado, at a point where the channel is only 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. This bridge will span the river 267 feet above the surface of the water, and will be, therefore, by far the highest bridge in the world. The material will be of flat steel and steel cables, the curved girders finding secure attachment in the solid sides of the canyon. The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass one and one-half inches thick, to afford visitors the pleasure of looking down the chasm. On each side will be strong, high steel railings. The bridge is part of an electric railway scheme.

## The Evils of Constipation.

are many; in fact almost every serious illness has its origin in constipation, and some medicines, instead of preventing constipation, add to it. This is true of most cathartics, which, when first used, have a beneficial effect, but the dose has to be continually increased, and before long the remedy ceases to have the slightest effect. There is one preparation, however, that can be relied upon to produce the same results with the same dose, even after fifty years' daily use, and this is Brandreth's Pills, which has a record of over 100 years as the standard remedy for constipation and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

As a rule, when people say what they mean a lot of explanation is necessary.

Anyone can dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES; no experience required; success guaranteed.

Blushes may come and blushes may go, but freckles hang on forever.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Serial No. 381, assigned by the Government, and Guaranty that the preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, appear on every package of the Garfield Tea Company's preparations.

## Half Pay for British Officers.

All British officers on the effective list of the army that are elected members of the House of Commons are to be placed on half pay from the date of their election.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## Competent for Jury Service.

During the ice trust trial in Philadelphia a prospective juror was quizzed about the quantity of ice he used. "I use a little occasionally," he said. "How much? Enough to temper a highball?" What do you mean by a highball?" roared the attorney. "An amateur," murmured the juror, "can not presume to enlighten an expert." "This man is a competent juror," chimed the court, and the trial proceeded.

## The Sunny South.

Now when all outdoor farm work has ceased in the north, the term "sunny south" and all that it means, appeals with full force to the northern farmer as he realizes that with him it is a case of remaining indoors for the next several months consuming everything that has been produced during the growing season. In the "sunny south" something can be raised every month in the year, and practically every day can be spent outdoors. No blizzards. No sunstrokes. Cattle-raising is very profitable. Large profits are made with little labor in growing fruits, vegetables, etc., for northern markets. Strawberries and cantaloupes are great revenue getters. Water unsurpassed. Work plentiful. Lands cheap and productive. For reliable information, address G. A. Park, General Immigration and Industrial Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, Louisville, Ky.

## Picturesque German Custom.

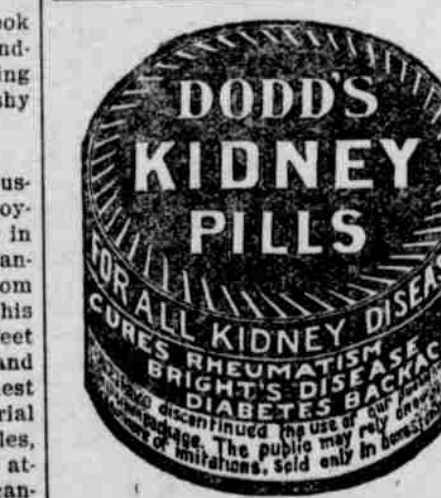
A curious custom prevails in the German navy when the sailors, having served their time, pass into the reserve. They don the "reserve flask"—also used on a similar occasion in the army—and parade the streets wearing caps with ribbons which reach to the ground, other ribbons being attached to the canes they carry.

## New Hobby for Collectors.

The ingenuity of collectors in the discovery of new fields having been exhausted, there is still open to them that of collecting the finest specimen of forged or spurious works of art and this is capable of becoming a hobby scarcely less interesting or admirable than the pursuit of the genuine article.—Art Journal.

## Less Beer Drunk in Munich.

In the last seven years the consumption of beer has fallen from 120 to 70 gallons a head in Munich.



## READERS

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

## WINTER TERM FROM JAN. 2

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Which enlists for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; opportunities for advancement; pay \$16 to \$70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooperages, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, shipfitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 35 years, enlisted in special ratings with suitable pay. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 30 years service. Applicants must be American citizens.

First clothing outfit free to recruits. Upon discharge travel allowance 4 cents per mile to place of enlistment. Bonus four months' pay and increase in pay upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge.

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Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low; climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevails everywhere. For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

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